

OUR DRAMATIC NEW SERIAL, "JUST LIKE OTHER MEN," BEGINS TO-DAY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,505.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1915

16 PAGES

One Halfpenny.

'OLD ONE O'CLOCK': FAMOUS GERMAN GENERAL WHO DID NOT TAKE PARIS.

P. 15414



General von Kluck, of whom little had been heard of late, is once again in the public eye. The picture shows him seated in a motor-car at the front. When he made his great but unsuccessful dash for Paris he brought his army along in every conceivable type of motor vehicle, from omnibuses to taxicabs and lorries.

TWO IRON CROSSES.

P. 11910 W



Wounded German officer with the Iron Cross of the first and second class. He is being wheeled along the streets of Berlin by an orderly, who is also wounded, but who has no Iron Cross.

A SENTRY'S DECEPTION.

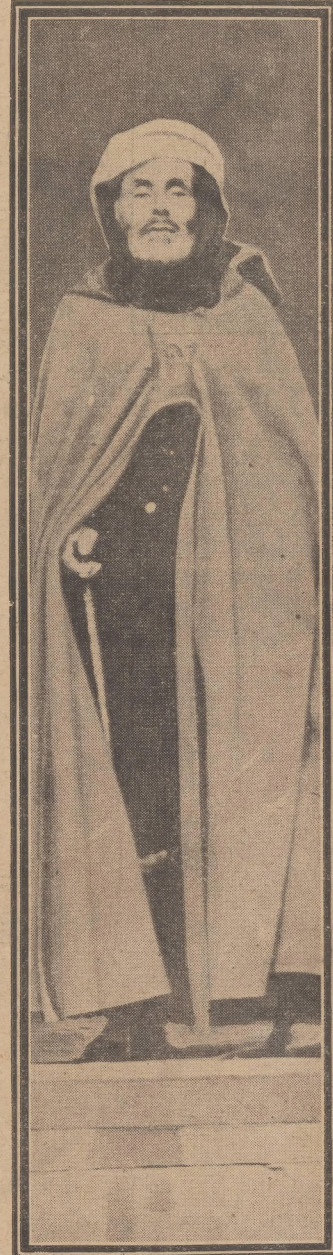
P. 9331 P



Things are not always what they seem. This sentry, who is guarding a railway bridge at the front, has made his box look like a haystack in order to deceive the enemy air scouts. The sentry is a British soldier.

A SOLDIER AT EIGHTY.

P. 16874



France has some of the "boys of the old brigade" fighting for her. This is Ali Mohammed, of Morocco, who though eighty years old has been right through the campaign.



Gorringe's Winter Sale

Furs. Charming Black Fox (2-skin) Stoles in a variety of shapes. Usually 5/6 and 6/6 gns. Fashionable Muffs to match. Usually 5/6 and 6/6.

Gloves. Ladies' 3-button or dome real French and Belgian Kid, perfect fitting. In Black, White and colours. Usually 2/11.

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Silks. French Foulards (all new goods), in many colourings and designs. Also fancy crepons, new effects. Double width. Usual price 4/11, 5/11 per yard.

Ribbons. Black Moire Belts. Usually 1/6. 1/60 yards Coloured Satin Ribbon, 6in. wide. Specially reduced to, per yard

Tea Cloths. Irish Linen Tea Cloths, 28 x 3 in. hemmed ready for use. Usually 8/6 dozen. During Sale

Cretonnes. 15,000 yards of Cretonne, specially good designs and colourings, 31in. wide. Usual prices 1/3 and 1/4 per yard.

Wools. Special Offer during Sale of Khaki Victoria Double Knitting Wool, thick and soft (making excellent mittens, scarves, &c.), and in the correct Government shade of Khaki. In Grey, Navy, and Natural same price. Per lb.

PONTCLOTH COATS at a wonderfully low price. Wear splendidly and will not crush. Latest shape, with large collar of Black Foxaline. Lined silk. Special Sale Price 69/6

REMNANT DAYS—
Thursday and Friday.

Frederick Gorringe, Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

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KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W.



Regimental, Territorial & Kitchener's Army BUTTONS

BUTTONS Now Ready

Those of other Regiments will be ready shortly.

Army Service Corps.
Berkshire Regt.

Cameron Highlanders.
Dorset Regt.

Durham Light I.
Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

Devonshire Regt.
East Surrey Regt.

East Yorks Regt.
Essex Regt.

Gloucestershire Regt.
Gordon Highlanders.

Irish Fusiliers
K.O. Scottish Borderers

Liverpool Regt.
Leicestershire Regt.

Lancashire Fusiliers.
Leinster Regt.

Lincolnshire Regt.
Middlesex Regt.

Manchester Regt.

fitted at back to take PHOTO.

Every soldier has someone who would like his photo in the button of his regiment. These brooches are composed of the actual buttons of the various regiments, fitted at back to take a miniature photograph. The clasp is very strong and secure — completing a charming link to bind where circumstances part." Sent post paid

Send Your Photo. We will reduce it to the correct size

for 1/6

and 3d. for each extra copy.

This work is being executed by experienced artists and first class work is guaranteed. Time required, 3 to 4 days.

DERRY & TOMS,
Jewellery Department,
Kensington, London, W.

BUTTONS Now Ready

Those of other Regiments will be ready shortly.

Norfolk Regt.

N. Lancashire Regt.
N. Staffordshire Regt.

Northumberland Fus.
Royal Artillery

Royal W. Kent
Royal Engineers

R.A.M.C.
Royal Irish Regt.

Royal Sussex Regt.
Royal Scots

Somerset Light I.
Scottish Horse

Shropshire Light I.
South Staffs. Regt.

Suffolk Regt.
W. Yorkshire Regt.

Welsh Regt.
Warwickshire Regt.

Wiltshire Regt.
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Pettit's
KENSINGTON
SALE BARGAINS

M. 1/11 (Box and 5 Post 5d.) Soft pliable Black Velvet and bound Black, White or Gilt Brims. Fashion's craze. Worth much more. Also in Black Velvet. Trimmed with real Fur 5/11

ML. 10. 2/3 (Box and 5 Post 5d.) Special quality Black Velvet and bound Black, White or Gilt Brims. Fashion's craze. Worth much more. Also in Black Velvet. Trimmed with real Fur 5/11

XL. 2/6 (Post 5d.) 55" Chestnut Striped Walking Skirts in Navy or Black, trimmed with down front & back. Length 58, 55, 60, 62 in. Splendid Bargain.

W. 1/11 (Box and 5 Post 5d.) 55" Chestnut Striped Walking Skirts in Navy or Black, trimmed with down front & back. Length 58, 55, 60, 62 in. Splendid Bargain.

Or the complete Dress made in one piece as shown 1/36 Colours: Grey, Navy, Ruby, Purple, Brown, Green, Navy or Black. Patterns Free.

ETTIT'S, Kensington High St., W.

WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, Cheapside
(Lift in Attendance). FIRST FLOOR SHOWROOMS. (Close to St. Paul's Churchyard, our only address).

Great FUR SALE

The Entire Stock of Made-up Fur Garments to be cleared at unprecedented reductions. Send now for Fur Sale Catalogue.

The Last Word in Fur Bargains. Typical Examples—

Wonderful Value in Real Stone Marton Fur Set. 6-skin Stole, 3-skin Muff. Usual price 227 10s. Sale Price **£18**

Charming Real Ermine Fur Coat. Usual price 59/6 the Set. Sale Price **45/-**

Lovely Model in Black Fox Muff and Muff. Usual price 14 gns. the Set. Sale Price **£9**

Elegant Skunk Opossum Fur Coat and Muff. Usual price 27 17/6 the Set. Sale Price **£5**

Handsome Dark Natural Skunk Fur Coat and Muff. Usual price 10 gns. the Set. Sale Price **£7 10**

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Also in White.

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Money willingly refunded if not more than satisfied

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You can order safely by post or 'phone, or come personally—but you should act at once if you want to secure the BEST

WINTERSALE

BARGAINS

here. All our goods are thoroughly reliable and the reductions are astonishing—in many cases less than Half Price.

Purchase money refunded if not quite satisfied.

Special Clearance of Smart Models in Black Velvet, Seal Furs and Pongee. All lined silk—the sketch is typical—at less than half price from 29/11 to 3 gns

British Silk Blouse, with new roll collar, various stripe and check effects. Usual price 6/11.

Sale Price **4/11**

Sizes, 13, 14, 14 1/2 only.

ARDING & HOBBS, Ltd.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.

Telephone: BATTERSEA FOUR.

FEEDING THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS.



Russian prisoners, who are being conveyed to the interior of Germany, given refreshment during a halt at a railway station. Reports say that the Russian soldier is a fine trencherman. An armed guard stood by during the meal, but no one tried to escape.

AFFABLE CLOWN PRINCE.



The Clown Prince is making himself extremely agreeable to everyone these days, and at Christmas-time went about shaking hands indiscriminately and talking affably to everybody.

THREE BROTHERS WHO BECAME SERGEANTS TOGETHER.



The brothers are named Jack, William and Frederick. They are fine athletes.

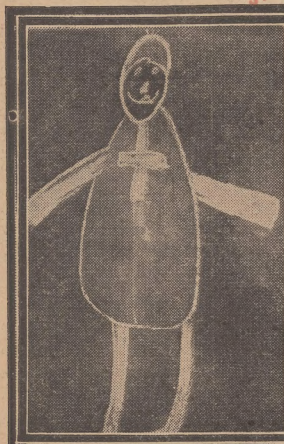
The three brothers Bailey, of Walton-on-Thames, who joined the Royal Army Medical Corps on the outbreak of the war, have all been promoted to the rank of sergeant. They are well known in local football and rowing circles.

PROMOTION TOO LATE.



Police-Constable Connolly, of Richmond, who was killed at the front just after he was promoted to police-sergeant. He was in the Irish Guards.

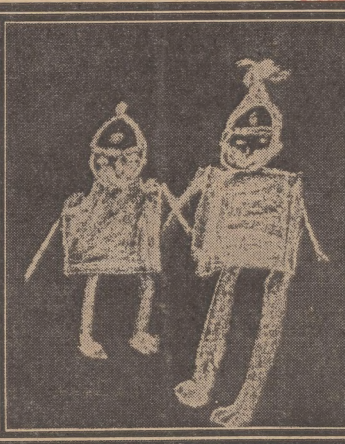
IMAGINARY KAISERS: THE IMPRESSIONS OF SOME LONDON SCHOOLCHILDREN.



Artist aged six.



Artist aged seven.



Artist aged seven.



Artist aged six.

Some boys and girls of six and seven years of age, attending a South London L.C.C. school, were asked by their teacher to draw the Kaiser. These four drawings express

the child's idea of the War Lord. The little artists took great delight in decorating the Kaiser with a huge Iron Cross.

WIDOW'S MENU FOR HER FAMILY.

Woman Who Supports Five Children on Less Than 30s a Week.

KIPPER QUESTION.

The war budgets for British families of very slender means drawn up for *The Daily Mirror* by Mr. C. Herman Senn, the well-known culinary expert, and by Mr. G. W. Ward, of Essex, continue to arouse widespread interest. It may be remembered that in comparison with Mr. Senn's budget Mr. Ward spends 6s. 5jd. but the butcher as against Mr. Senn's 5s. 6jd., but that he spends 2s. 5d. less with the grocer.

One reader comments that 1lb. breast of mutton and 1lb. leg of beef are mentioned in the budget, but that only one stew is mentioned in the week's diet. He thinks there must be a wastage of meat. Several readers draw attention to the fact that, whereas butter is mentioned again and again in the menus, nothing but 1lb. of margarine is alluded to in the table of expenditure.

It is also pointed out that Mr. Ward does not allow for any breakages or the renewal of household utensils.

Many other readers also state that the prices quoted by Mr. Ward do not obtain in their districts.

A reader from Peckham writes:—
"Mr. Ward quotes kippers at 1ld. a pair, rock salmon at 4d. a pound and dabs at 5d. a pound. I flatly contradict these prices and defy anyone to prove that during the last five weeks they have been able to purchase any of the above-named fish anywhere in London from any retail fishmonger at such rates."

Among the voluminous correspondence which has reached *The Daily Mirror* in regard to the frugal budget of Mrs. Moss, of Islington, who supports a family of eight on 15s. a week—corre-



Nestor Wilmar, the Belgian railway swindler, who, it is now reported, has escaped from prison in Brussels. He took advantage of the confusion arising out of the German occupation of Wilmar, it will be remembered, issued forged bonds and a number of brokers and investors were ruined.

spondence which will be dealt with later—is a letter from a Mrs. Binfield, of Coochman Rise. Mrs. Binfield is a soldier's widow, and also maintains that she is bringing up a healthy family of five children on less than 30s. a week. This is her budget:

| | | | |
|-----------|-----|---------------|--------|
| Groceries | 5 7 | Coal (winter) | 5 0 |
| Meat | 4 9 | Rent | 4 10 |
| Bread | 4 1 | Insurance | 0 7 |
| Milk | 0 8 | Sick club | 0 6 |
| Oilman | 0 8 | | |
| Gas | 0 7 | | £1 5 4 |

The items of expenditure are as follows:—

| GROCERIES. | | OILMAN. | |
|---------------------|------|-------------------|-----|
| 1lb. butter | 1 9 | Soap, per week | 0 2 |
| 2lb. jam | 0 7 | Soda and starch | 0 1 |
| 2lb. flour | 0 3 | Boat polish | 0 1 |
| 2lb. oats | 0 5 | Laces | 0 1 |
| 1lb. cheese | 0 8 | Candles & matches | 0 2 |
| 1lb. tea | 0 9 | | |
| 1lb. rice | 0 1 | | 0 8 |
| 2lb. sugar | 0 10 | | |
| 1lb. dripping | 0 6 | MEAT. | |
| 11 gallons potatoes | 0 7 | Joint | 3 0 |
| | 6 7 | Suet | 0 3 |
| | | Sausages | 0 9 |
| | | Pieces | 0 9 |
| MILK. | | | |
| 1 pint per day | 0 2 | BREAD. | 4 9 |
| Wed., 1 pint extra | 0 2 | | |
| | 0 9 | 7 quarters extra | 4 1 |

These are Mrs. Binfield's menus for the week:—

SUNDAY.—Breakfast: Tea, bread, jam, butter. Dinner: Joint, 2d. greens, 2d. potatoes, suet pudding. Tea: Home-made cake, butter, bread.

MONDAY.—Breakfast: Porridge, bread and butter. Dinner: Cold meat, remains of vegetables. Tea: bread, butter, dripping.

TUESDAY.—Breakfast: Tea, bread, dripping, butter. Dinner: Remains of joint hashed, 2d. potatoes, dumplings. Tea: As Monday.

WEDNESDAY.—Breakfast: Porridge, bread and butter. Dinner: Bread and cheese, milk pudding. Tea: Tea, bread and butter and jam.

THURSDAY.—Breakfast: Bread, butter, dripping, tea. Dinner: 1lb. sausages (beef), 2d. potatoes. Tea: Bread, butter, dripping.

FRIDAY.—Breakfast: Porridge, bread, dripping. Dinner: 1lb. pieces from butcher's made either into pudding or stewed, potatoes. Tea: Tea, bread, butter, etc.

SATURDAY.—Breakfast: Bread, butter, dripping. Dinner: Anything there may be left from the week's supply. Tea: Tea.

Mrs. Binfield has a machine and makes her children's clothes.

SWEETHEARTS' CLUB.

Novel Meeting Place for Soldiers. Their Wives, Friends and Fiances.

COSY CORNER CHATS.

"The streets are the drawing-rooms of the working classes," said a London magistrate some years ago.

They are very cold and comfortless drawing-rooms for our soldiers to spend their spare hours with their sweethearts.

Realising this fact, a number of women at Putney have hit upon the happy idea of organising a mixed club for soldiers, their wives and sweethearts and friends.

The club is one of the cheeriest and most comfortable places imaginable. It opens at 6.30 p.m. on week-days and at 5.30 p.m. on Sundays. Afternoon tea is free.

A great fire burns on the hearth. Light refreshments can be had at a nominal cost. There are games to play and plenty to read and some cosy corners for those who want to chat quietly.

'CANNOT RENOUNCE MY SON'

Wife's Plea for Her Child Read in Naval Lieutenant's Divorce Petition.

"I am still his mother. I pay the price demanded by my husband, and cannot wholly renounce my son."

This is a passage from a dramatic letter written by Mrs. Gladys Fremantle, which was read in the Divorce Court on Saturday, when her husband, Lieutenant Alfred E. A. Fremantle, R.N., son of Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle, petitioned for a divorce on the ground of his wife's alleged misconduct with Carlos Laborde y Bois.

It was admitted that petitioner himself had been guilty of misconduct, and the President was asked to exercise discretion in his favour.

Giving evidence, Lieutenant Fremantle said that while at Oxford and on a visit to London, he met his wife in Westbourne-grove. He was then twenty-three and she was sixteen.

They were married in 1908 and a child was born. Petitioner went to Constantinople, leaving his wife in England for two years. He confessed infidelity, and his wife joined him in Turkey.

Eventually a letter written, said witness, by his wife to a Mrs. Fleming, of Edith-road, West Kensington, found its way into his hands. The letter included these passages:—

"Dear Mrs. Fleming.—In God's name, what I write you keep secret. My life depends on it. If you are written to by any living soul swear you do not remember a dark lady or Mrs. Hogge or any guest that was with me. In God's name know nothing. A lawsuit is on, in which all my fortune is at stake."

"I rely on you utterly. If I win you shall not lose."

Mrs. Fleming—her name was now stated to be Mrs. Evelyn George—gave evidence as to the stay of respondent and co-respondent in her house. "I thought they were husband and wife," she said.

The President said he would give his decision to-morrow.

GRIMSBY EX-MAYOR ARRESTED.

On instructions from the War Office, Councilor Frank Barrett, J.P., an ex-Mayor of Grimsby and director of the Orient Steam Fishing Company, and George Margaron, a ship's husband, were charged at the local police court on Saturday with a breach of the Admiralty regulations.

Mr. Mountain, for the defendants, protested against what he called the high-handed action of the authorities, saying the defendants did not know why they were there, and could only surmise it was because of some breach of their skippers at sea.

The accused were remanded until Friday, each being allowed bail in £1,500.

MAGIC OF THE BILLET.

Canadian's Order for "Fried Eggs That Smiled with Their Eyes Open."

"WE'LL GET OUR INNINGS."

(From a Special Correspondent.)

SALISBURY PLAIN, Jan. 16.—"Here's your hot water, sir. What time will you have breakfast?"

The Canadian cavalryman yawned, rubbed his eyes and blinked stupidly at the cheerful woman who stood waiting for him to answer.

"Oh, yes, breakfast! I'll be right down."

"How'll you have your eggs—fried or boiled, sir?"

"Fry them, and let them come smiling with their eyes open."

The woman laughed and left the room. The Canadian stretched luxuriously and said wonderingly: "So this is billeting. May we billet for ever!"

As he dressed himself he stopped suddenly, looked at the snug white bed and said:—"Guess I'll have to get some pyjamas to match this pretty bed."

He felt the hot water in the jug, then got out his razor and had a shave and a good wash.

"Gee, but it's nice to feel clean again!"

He went down to the stable, where his horse greeted him with a whinny.

"Well, old girl, we've struck it. Take this time. You and I and the rest of the bunch will soon mend on this treatment, and when they need us we'll be fit."

They say we won't be needed till the line breaks and Kaiser Bill's over and I shall be fit. He'll get our innings then, and old girl, we are going to show them we know how to appreciate good treatment."

ROBED IN GOLD AND WHITE

Sunshine and Frost Cast Mantle of Beauty Over Countryside—Gale Havoc.

Bright sunshine and light clouds that skinned across a pale blue sky made yesterday a delightful day. And, moreover, it was Sunday and a general holiday for most people.

Dwellers in London suburbs knew that something had changed directly they woke up. There was a new light about—a different atmosphere. And when they came out of their houses it was like coming up from underground after living for weeks in a damp, slushy cellar.

The countryside round London was beautifully changed. Pan was abroad in the woods. The birds had a different note in their song. The gaunt bare branches of trees were streaks of glorious red-gold in the morning sunlight; where there had been pools of dirty muddy water there were now sheets of blue ice, while the hedges and every blade of grass were covered with frost.

All day the sun continued to shine and all who could spent most part of the precious time out of doors.

Widespread damage was caused by the gale which swept over the country during the week-end.

Several barges sank between Greenwich and Rainham.

A Dover tug left with four Belgian fishing smacks in tow and with Dover men aboard. Two broke adrift, and have not been seen again.

HATE IN DAILY DOSES.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 17.—The *Dortmund Tageblatt* publishes the following letter:—

In one of our municipal schools for a long time one of the teachers has greeted his pupils with the words, "God punish England." One may agree with these words, but when they are repeated regularly they lose their serious meaning, and from an educational standpoint they are of very doubtful value. We hope that this would-be reformer will be reformed by his superiors.—Reuter.



The coffin bearing the remains of the Earl of Faversham was borne to the grave on one of the early cars. The picture shows the cortege passing through the market place at Helmsley, Yorkshire.

Our splendid new serial, "JUST LIKE OTHER MEN," by Mr. Alexander Crawford, starts to-day. The opening chapters will be found on page 11. You should make a special point of reading them. They are the beginning of a very powerful and dramatic story full of human interest.

LITTLE BOYS READY TO FIGHT INVADERS

Tiny Warrior Who Would "Stig Figs Ban" in Germans' Eyes.

MEANT FIXED BAYONET.

Even tiny children in infant schools are talking and writing about the war just now.

Some little girls, aged between six and seven, attending the infants' department of a South London L.C.C. school, were asked by their teacher how they will welcome back the soldiers after the war. They wrote some amusing essays in reply.

Here are some of their efforts—with the spelling mistakes altered:—

"My brother is in the war, and I am going to kiss him when he comes home. And I am going to buy him some cigarettes and he will be glad when he sees them." (Evelyn Berneye.)

"I am going to buy him (father) some cigarettes, and then I am going to kiss him and hang on his hand. Then I am going to have a nice game, my baby, my Ernie, my mother, my father and me." (Gladys Gawe.)

"When my uncle comes back I shall ask him if he liked it or wanted to come home. And I will praise him for fighting for the country." (Vera Treby.)

"When the soldiers come back I am going to give them a box of chocolates, a scarf and some 'mitters,' and I will go to meet them at the station." (Lily Pennoy.)

"PUNCH IN THE NOSE."

Annie Taylor, aged seven, has a word for the ambulance corps. "I hope the Red Cross nurse will make our soldiers better so that they will be able to get home. We will shout hip, hip, hooray as loud as we can, and I would be very, very glad if the soldiers would all come home, says Ella Woodrow."

Some small boys of the same age were asked what they would do if the Germans came over here. Here is the terrible resolution of Ernest Davies, given as he wrote it:—

"I will get a figs ban and stig it in the Germans' eyes and noses." "We will shout hip, hip, hooray as loud as we can, and I would be very, very glad if the soldiers would all come home, says Ella Woodrow."

Asked by his teacher what a "figs ban" was, Ernest replied, "A fixed bayonet, of course."

William Manley, aged six, is also very valiant. "I will punch them in the nose," he writes. "And I will drive them back, and they will never come here again. Next Christmas the war will be over, and I wish that the Kaiser was dead, and that all the Germans were dead."

WILL OF LORD ROBERTS.

Great Soldier's Disposal of £100,000 Grant for His South African Services.

"My wish is to be carried to my grave on a gun carriage and to be buried by soldiers."

This is the first clause in the will just proved of the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who died in France while on a visit to the Indian troops. He left unsettled property to the value of £27,304, with net personalty £24,940.

Lord Roberts left all his medals, orders and awards, etc., to his wife for life, with power to distribute them among his daughters in equal shares. His residence, Englemere, Ascot, he left to his wife for life, with remainder to be divided equally between his daughters.

With respect to the £100,000 granted to him by Parliament for his services during the South African war, he charged the fund with an annuity of £1,000 in favour of his wife and during her life with an annuity of £600 in favour of his daughter, the Lady Ada Edwina Stewart-Lewrin.

On the death of his wife £25,000 is to be held on trust for the same daughter, and subject to this he appointed the fund upon trust for his daughter, the Countess Roberts, for life, with remainder to her children in equal shares.

Failing any appointment by the survivors of his daughters, he left the remainder to military charities.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY.

Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was fifty-two years of age yesterday. The Chancellor was born in Manchester on January 17, 1863.

During the past ten years Mr. Lloyd George has made history.

He has been praised and criticised to a degree that no other British statesman has experienced since Gladstone. His is a magnetic personality.

A lover of peace, he nevertheless is heart and soul in favour of this war, and one of his most eloquent and brilliant orations was made in support of it. His two sons hold commissions in the Army.

His valuable work in connection with the financial and commercial crisis caused by the war has everywhere been freely acknowledged.

WHOLE TURKISH ARMY CORPS WIPED OUT IN BATTLE IN SNOWSTORM

Russian Troops, "Covered with Glory," Capture All Enemy's Guns.

ALLIES' BIG GUNS WRECK FOE'S TRENCHES.

Redan Destroyed on Belgian Coast and Line of 200 Yards Captured.

HIGHLANDERS' CHARGE WHICH "HAS MADE HISTORY."

Another crushing defeat—the third in under a fortnight—has been inflicted on the Turks by Russia.

In an official report from Petrograd, it is announced that "the 11th Turkish Army Corps has been exterminated." An army corps numbers about 40,000.

This battle raged for three days near Kava Urgania, in the Caucasus, during a great snowstorm, and ended in complete victory for the Russians.

Rearguards covering the Turks' retreat were annihilated, the rest of the force, harried on flanks, fleeing towards Erzerum, in Turkish Armenia.

Less than a fortnight ago Russia announced that she had annihilated the 9th Turkish Army Corps, while the 1st and 10th Corps were in flight before the Grand Duke Nicholas's forces.

Yesterday's official report from Paris contains several cheerful items of news. Again the Allied artillery has shown its superiority and has forced the enemy to evacuate trenches along the Belgian coast.

RUSSIAN VICTORY OVER TURKS COMPLETE.

Sultan's Eleventh Army Corps Exterminated—Germans Beaten Back.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 17.—An official communiqué issued at 6 p.m. states that the Russian troops have gained a great victory near Kava Urgania. The 11th Turkish Army Corps has been exterminated.—Central News.

ALL ARTILLERY CAPTURED.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 17.—A telegram from Tiflis says:—

"The Army of the Caucasus has covered its colours with glory by a fresh heroic exploit, having completely annihilated the 11th Turkish Army Corps.

"We captured all the artillery of the corps."

—Reuter.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 17.—A dispatch received this evening from the army of the Caucasus says:—

"The battle of Kava Urgania, which has been fought for the last three days in a ceaseless snowstorm, has ended in a complete victory for us.

"Thanks to the efforts of our valiant regiments of the Caucasus and Turkestan and the Siberian Cossacks, the resistance of the enemy was shattered.

"His rearguards, which were covering his retreat, were annihilated, and the remnants of the Turkish army, harried on the flanks and front, are fleeing towards Erzerum.

"Our pursuing troops are finding in the ravines, buried in the snow, parts of Turkish guns which the enemy, unable to take with him, had thrown from the heights above us.

"The pursuit is being pressed."—Reuter.

SEVEN ATTACKS TO WIN A TRENCH.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 17.—The Russian General Staff issues the following communiqué:—

On the 16th our advance forces dislodged the enemy from the village of Budnyukovskaya. On the left bank of the Vistula, on the 16th, the enemy made a series of violent attacks on our lines in the neighbourhood of the village of Guminie. The enemy's forces did not number less than six regiments.

As the result of seven successive attacks with desperate bayonet fighting, the Germans only took one trench.

In other sectors the enemy was repulsed and forced to fall back on his positions.

In the district of the village of Konopnitsa the enemy approached by sapping within thirty paces of our entrenchments with the object of attacking us, but he was overwhelmed by hand grenades and his movement stopped.

Our volunteers, taking advantage of the enemy's confusion, advanced, and with hand grenades bombarded the communication trenches of the Germans, who were forced to evacuate them.

In the country to the south of Pinczew the enemy bombarded our positions violently. Three times he tried to attack the line of one of our advanced positions, but was repulsed.

In Bukovina our advance guards stormed and took the Kiribaba Pass, in the Carpathians bordering on Transylvania.—Reuter.

GERMANS LOSE 200 YARDS OF TRENCHES.

Allies' Artillery Destroys Enemy's Redan on Belgian Coast.

PARIS, Jan. 17.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

We continued to progress in the region of Nieuport and of Lombaertzyde.

Our artillery forced the Germans to evacuate their trenches to an extent for about 200 yards on the large dune; destroyed the redan to the north of that place and bombarded the enemy's works on that portion of the front and to the south of Saint Georges.

In the region of Ypres and in that of La Basse and of Lens there was artillery fighting. At Blangy, near Arras, there was a somewhat lively action.

The Germans secured the foundry of Blangy. We recaptured it immediately by an energetic counter-attack, and we have maintained ourselves there.

Our artillery has continued to destroy the enemy's trenches near Boisselle.

In the sector of Soissons there is nothing to report.

Between Vailly and Craonne the enemy made an unsuccessful attack near the sugar refinery of Troyon.

Another attack against our trenches from Beaulieu was likewise repulsed.

In the region of Perthes and Beausejour our progress continued despite a violent storm.

In the Argonne, on the heights of the Meuse, and in the Woëvre there is nothing fresh to report.

In the wood of Le Pretre, near Pont-à-Mousson, a German attack was repulsed.

In the Vosges we gained ground to the west of Orbevy.

Snow fell heavily throughout the day.—Central News.

PARIS, Jan. 17.—The official communiqué issued this evening says:—

There is nothing to report except that snow has fallen from the Argonne to the Vosges.—Reuter.

LA BASSEE TAKEN?

PARIS, Jan. 17.—The *Matin* publishes the following from St. Omer:—

"According to trustworthy information the Germans have abandoned La Bassee, where their position was becoming untenable under the converging fire of the allied artillery.

"An insistent report from another source states that the French troops have pushed as far as Seclin, between Lille and La Bassee."

Seclin is seven miles due south of Lille.—Reuter.

ADMIRALTY TUG LOST.

The Secretary of the Admiralty last night made the following announcement:—

"His Majesty's tug *Char* was sunk in collision with the steamship *Erivan* early on the morning of the 16th inst.

"It is feared that the whole of the crew has been lost."

According to another account, the *Char*, which had been patrolling off Deal since the outbreak of war, was endeavouring to get alongside the *Erivan* to examine her when she fouled the vessel's bows and was cut below the waterline.

The *Erivan* was badly damaged and she was in danger of foundering. It is stated that the *Char* carried a crew of seventeen.

[The steamship *Erivan* is a cargo boat of 2,395 tons.]

HEROIC GORDONS' CHARGE INTO FOE'S TRENCHES.

How "the Tartan Kept On" in Face of Rifle and Machine Gun Fire.

A splendid exploit, in which the Gordons and Royal Scots took part, is described in a letter received in Liverpool from Sergeant-Major A. Hands, of the Gordon Highlanders, who before the war was a member of the City Police force.

"The Gordons and Royal Scots," he writes, "moved out of a village to try and storm the German trenches.

"The Scots, on our left, were to try and get the wood; the Gordons were to get the main German trenches on the front.

"The positions to be taken were roughly 300 yards away, with not a vestige of cover, and the German trenches were strong loopholed earthworks and barbed wire entanglements.

At daylight 270 guns opened fire at the German trenches. It was a hellish storm of shell, and lasted forty-five minutes.

When it ceased the Gordons sprang out of the trenches and advanced at the double through a hail of machine gun and rifle fire. Men dropped in heaps, but still the Tartan kept on, and the German front line was won.

"Within twenty yards of the main trenches there was a dip where we rested and looked round at the mass of men. And what a few! We had done our best.

"Well, the day closed and we retired to our own trenches, taking our wounded with us.

"We were sad at the thought of having failed, but General French and two other generals, who witnessed our efforts, said the Gordons have made history. They have accomplished more than they were expected to do.

"We lost 55 per cent. of our men on that day. The Royal Scots had also heavy casualties."

BRITISH NURSES WHO RISK THEIR LIVES.

Brave Women's Long Spells of Day and Night Work—Bombs "Don't Matter."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 16.—The admirable work done by Lady Dorothy Feilding, Mrs. Knocker, Miss Chisholm and several other women of British stock in Belgium and Flanders was explained to-day by Dr. E. Petrie Hoyle, an American medical man, who has been with the Belgian Field Hospital Ambulance from its start.

When the war broke out an Englishwoman, who desires to remain anonymous, cabled to the Queen of the Belgians offering to provide a field hospital free of expense to the Belgian Red Cross Society.

The offer was accepted, and since then the unit has been of the greatest service to the Belgian wounded and refugees, and also to the suffering and needy of other nationalities. Not one of the staff receive a penny of remuneration.

Their splendid devotion has been put to many a test. They have frequently done triple the work demanded in a London hospital, nurse and surgeons often working two days and a night without cessation.

After the fall of Antwerp the staff came down to Fumes, and the women who are no longer needed in ambulance work have organised soup kitchens at various first aid stations.

These brave women are what Dr. Hoyle described as "clinkers." They fear nothing. While at work one day among a trainful of wounded all the windows of the carriages were blown out by the concussion of a German bomb, but it did not interrupt the work for a moment.

The sick and wounded had to be attended to, and nothing else mattered. W. L. McALPIN.

TRAPPED 'TWTIXT Foe AND FLOOD TIDE.

Heroic French, Left Helpless When Aisne Bridges Break, Fire Last Shells.

ENGINEERS' TRIUMPH.

PARIS, Jan. 17.—France is thrilled by the details of the second battle of the Aisne, which are now coming through from the front.

The story, briefly told, resolves itself into one of engineers building and then rebuilding bridges as rapidly as the flooded waters swept them away; of artillerymen, waiting for ammunition, firing their last shells to cover the retirement of their comrades; of infantrymen firing their rifles until their shoulders were almost paralysed, and of the charging a hundred times up the fire-swept slopes of the hills to repel the rushes of the German hordes.

The *Matin*, in a graphic description of the battle to-day, says on the afternoon of the 12th



Lord Justice Kennedy, who died suddenly yesterday in London at the age of sixty-nine. As an authority on maritime law he had few equals. He refused an Indian Juteidash in 1891, and was appointed to the Court of Appeal in 1907.

The French forces were massed on the Crouy-Missy line.

It was a struggle to the death over a front of five miles.

The Germans occupied important positions, and rained shells upon the French.

It was only the heavy artillery on the left bank of the river which was able to reply to the German guns, doing magnificent work under aeroplane guidance.

Their explosion was heard at Vreigny, a German artillery position. The French had blown up an ammunition park and silenced a battery, but the success was not of long duration.

By rail the Germans fed their line with constant reinforcements, carried even into the field of battle.

The French position became serious.

BOTH BRIDGES BREAK.

They had two lines of retreat by the bridges at Venizel and Missy.

But the Venizel bridge broke under the stress of the floods, and, as the waters continued to rise, the bridge at Missy also went.

In this way retreat to the left bank was cut off at night for those men who had been fighting continuously since noon.

What could they retire upon? Only open ground, a burning farm and a haystack.

Fighting all the time, they sent continual requests for reinforcements, and the river continuously rose.

Engineers worked at repairs, but the Aisne was no longer a river; it was a sea.

With little supplies, the troops on the right bank waited calmly through the night while repairs were made.

Morning on the 13th saw the Missy Bridge up. Some engineers had their feet frozen during their task.

Immediately reinforcements and munitions began to pass across, but at 8.20 a.m. the bridge was again swept away.

ORDERS TO "HOLD ON."

The French were again separated from their main body.

They had but fifty cartridges left, and they charged the Germans, fighting furiously with their bayonets and rifle butts.

A hundred times the French charged, and were forced back upon the ruined villages. Their orders then were to "hold on."

New bridges were being built, and on the other side of the river reserves impatiently waited.

In the morning of the 14th the retreat began. The battery covering the retreat was reduced to its last four shells, with only six men to work the guns, the rest having been killed.

As the "last company" crossed the river, a young officer in charge of the battery, whose arm was broken, gave the order to fire, and then rendered his guns useless, as the French troops safely recrossed the Aisne.—Central News.



The Lord Mayor of London inspecting the Chartist Secretaries' Drilling Corps in the City yesterday. Walking beside him is Sir Ernest Clarke, the commandant. ("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

C.B. Eesi-Flex Corsets

Are BRITISH made

The Gentlewomen of Britain should always have in their mind the privilege they possess of maintaining the industries of their country by purchasing only British-made Goods. By the purchase of C.B. Eesi-Flex Corsets which are entirely British made by British Workers, the mothers, wives and sweet-hearts of those at the Front can help keep going the Factories wherein thousands of their sisters are employed.

The C. B. Eesi-Flex Corset not only adds to the attractive lines of the figure—but by reason of its scientific construction, gives strength and support to the hips and abdomen in a common-sense healthy manner. The C. B. Eesi-Flex Corset is something more than an ordinary Corset—it is an aid to nature, accentuating the graceful lines, toning down the awkward angles, and giving that subtle freedom of action so much cherished by Ladies of culture and refinement. These are a few simple reasons why British Gentlewomen should demand the C. B. in preference to Foreign-Made Corsets trading under British names.

Whilst affording the fullest support the C. B. Eesi-Flex Corsets are so delightfully flexible, that no restriction is placed upon any movement of the body. They are dainty, durable and hygienic. The most careful attention is paid to fit and style, no detail being too trivial for consideration—no new features of any worth being omitted, resulting in Corsets of the very finest grade. C. B. Corsets are ever in the vanguard of fashion, and their prices are accessible to every purse.



MODEL 9172. This superb free-hip design is the work of a High-class Corsetiere; it is beautifully constructed with low bust and deep hips. In Fine White or French Grey Coutil, bound Satin and trimmed Galon Embroidery, and completed by four very reliable Rubber Grip Hose Supporters. Price 5/11 per pair.



MODEL 9175. A beautiful free hip Model, which is sure to find universal favour, low in bust and deep on hips. In the finest White French Batiste, trimmed Satin and Lace, and fitted with six dainty Hose Supporters. Price 10/11 per pair.



MODEL 9182. An ultra-smart prettily boned free-hip Model, with an extremely low bust and long skirt. This type introduces the natural contour to perfection. In dainty Self-White or Sky-Figured French Brocade, trimmed Satin and Galon Embroidery, and fitted four dainty Hose Supporters. Price 13/11 per pair.



MODEL 9174. A very high-grade smart average Model, cut with the new free-hip and broad elastic gussets at back. In Fine White Coutil, daintily scalloped with Ribbon at top and fitted four reliable Hose Supporters. Price 8/11 per pair.



MODEL 9173. One of the very newest free-hip Models, which gives the sculptured back effect so particularly becoming to all average figures; very low bust, and fitting closely on hips and at back. In exceptionally Fine White Coutil, bound Satin, trimmed Galon, and fitted with four serviceable Hose Supporters. Price 7/9 per pair.



MODEL 9171. A new design suitable for all slight and medium figures, low in bust and cut with exceptional depth over hips and at back. In Fine White or French Grey Coutil, trimmed dainty Silk Embroidery, and fitted four reliable Hose Supporters with Rubber Studs. Price 3/11 1/2 per pair.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1915.

ONE'S SCHOOL FRIENDS.

MOST of us remember that, when we were at school, certain songs used to be sung on commemorative occasions dimly hinting of change. "Forty years on," said one of them: and we were warned that matters would look very different then.

We never believed it. Time stretches in unending tract before the boy, and if he hears talk or song of "forty years" it is as though you told him of what may happen in A.D. 5000, or of what did happen in the Pyramid period. Forty! What is the good of worrying about what you will be like then? Forty is obviously dotage.

Time passed, however, in an unobtrusive way it has, and one day we heard that a school friend had died—of measles. No forty for him then. Measles too! Jolly bad luck. If you die of something deadly, well and good: you get sympathy. But there's an absurd sound in mere measles. Poor old So-and-So! Bad luck. And the boys thought no more about it.

And yet, towards the end of the last week of the very last term, we do remember, on a specially commemorative evening, to have thought, viewing the rows of well-washed faces and clean collars: "How many of these will be here forty years hence?"

Well, one of them would perhaps get smashed up in hunting. (He actually did, by the way.) Another got killed in one of the first motor-accidents. We heard of these two by the papers. Otherwise, as we had long lost sight of them, we should probably never have known that they were never to be forty.

Yet now, what so sharply throws it up, that school—for all of us who went to school—on the skyline of memory? What but the news of those who "die daily" out in Flanders and France—what but, day after day, their names in the papers, with sometimes their pictures confirming the slight shock of the printed name. Yesterday we saw thus the picture of one whom we remember as a lanky boy with a kind of hop as he walked. Not a bad sort then. But now what a good sort he seems! We remember his exact tone and manner in class and his way of sitting at preparation.

Then there was the Mons list with poor G— killed by a chance shell just as he and the others were sitting down at table. He was rather teased at school—"rather a softy" said some. He didn't remain soft! . . . And so, suddenly raised in painful vividness, one by one we see their faces and remember them.

And this strange sensation of acquaintanceship suddenly revived is naturally all the stranger if those old schoolfellows who fall happen to have been long lost in changed circumstances, or travel, or way of life—if it so chance that you never saw them from that last celebration-night till the morning when you scanned the casualty list. Nor, so seeing them once more, do you "make a fuss" over men you had come to regard almost as strangers. And yet you cannot fail to salute them also—each man to those men he remembers—as they file past and call un in their going the distant union of that prize-giving and so bring the old and the new, youth and middle-age, together in this time of death and renewal.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The very society of joy redoubles it; so that whilst it lights upon my friend it rebounds upon me, and the brighter his candle burns the more easily will it light mine.—R. South.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

A WARNING?

IT IS a strange thing that while Italy hesitates to take her part in the present world conflict, the earthquake which has rendered thousands of her people homeless and mourners also dislodged the statue of St. Paul, the great martyr of Rome, from its position on the facade of San Giovanni in Laterano.

St. Paul is the only apostle who bears the sword as his symbol. Who will interpret this coincidence? I. C. Earlsheld-road, S.W.

WAR AND WEATHER.

IT IS EASY enough for the man who is unaffected by the war or weather to remain cheerful. It is quite a different matter, however, for the business man who is losing money or the

thinking that the former actress would probably have a much more comfortable time arranging flowers, etc., as described in your paper, than a friend of mine who has a good engagement in pantomime.

Counting the time it takes for her journey backwards and forwards to the theatre her working hours run from ten o'clock in the morning to 12.30 at night, as there are matinees every day.

THEATRELAND.

THE ENGLISH WAITER.

THAT properly-trained English waiters are second to none is surely proved by the fact that they are exclusively employed in all the best London clubs, and also by the Worshipful Livery Companies in the City.

The cry of the inefficient British waiter forms part of the stock-in-trade jargon of the alien

BRITAIN AT WAR.

What Women Sacrifice in the Time of National Need.

NOT THEIR FAULT.

THE GOVERNMENT recently appealed to the women of England to do their duty and let their men go to the war. There is an implied reproach in this, and I must say it seems to me a very silly one.

In the first place, I don't think any men are really kept at home by what their women say. We hear of men who are supposed to be saying: "My wife for my mother won't let me." I can only say I don't know them.

Next, I think it quite false to say that women don't want their men to go. I find that the women are often very much more selfless than the men are—that is, that we are much hallucinated by the expressions "honour," "glory," and so on. And when we are in this mood we willingly see our men go to the front. Not that we do not feel the pang, too. But we recognise it as inevitable.

I somehow cannot bring myself to believe that, if there is any shortage of recruits, the women of Britain are to blame. H. M. E. Russell-square, W.C.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

AS a woman I was thinking the other day that there ought to be a roll of honour for women who give up their beloved husbands, sons or sweethearts to take their places in this war.

I notice that most business houses have rolls of honour for our brave soldiers who have offered their lives for the country. I sat next to an elderly woman at an entertainment the other day who cried when a jolly, rollicking sailor's song was sung.

"I can't help it," she said to me. "I have five sons on active service—one in the Navy and four at the front, and a grandson also, and I had one son killed in the South African War."

Surely a woman like this ought to receive some "honour." T. H.

DON'T TRUST THEM.

WE Britishers are so much bound up with our Allies that their successes and reverses are equally ours. From that standpoint even a civilian may be pardoned for commenting upon the reverse just sustained by our gallant French Allies on the Aisne.

On Christmas Day the soldiers of the opposing forces were walking up and down each other's trenches exchanging civilities and cigarettes.

Three weeks after a great concentration, followed by a tremendous effort to break the French lines, takes place.

Now, some of us know the German character, more especially the wily Prussian, and the outcome of that experience is: Never trust a German, either in business, in love or in war.

He will speak you fair. He will smile into your eyes. You will think you have concluded a good piece of business; you have made a good friend; you are treating with a loyal foe. It is not so. In all these conditions the German is that, for himself, and secondly, for the Vaterland. He is a man of no religion. Therefore, he has no principle. His love is only a brief passion—and marriage a necessity. ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 17.—The hardy cyclamens are delightful little subjects, flowering during the autumn and early spring. The roots should be set in sheltered corners—such as in the side of a rockery, near the roots of old trees or against walls facing north. Let the soil be a mixture of good loam, leaf mould, sand and mortar rubble.

To-day the pretty flowers of cyclamen coum (deep rose) are opening; also ibericum, with its silver-zoned foliage. Neapolitanum blooms in the autumn, and its handsome leaves make it valuable for beds of early-flowering spring bulbs. E. F. T.

GEMS FROM BIG WILLIE'S SPEECHES.—EXTRACT No. 1.

I SOLEMNLY VOW ALWAYS TO BE MINDFUL OF THE FACT THAT THE EYES OF MY ANCESTORS ARE LOOKING DOWN UPON ME FROM THE OTHER WORLD, AND THAT ONE DAY I SHALL HAVE TO RENDER TO THEM AN ACCOUNT OF BOTH THE GLORY AND THE HONOUR OF THE ARMY."



Much of the honour and glory of the Willies' arms has been won by burning beautiful towns in the invasion of a neutral country. Will the Kaiser's ancestors—to whom he constantly appeals—regard this as quite sufficient?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

farmer who sees all his fields under water. Cheerfulness is a virtue, but it is largely a matter of circumstance, and there are times when to be cheerful would be almost too much for human nature. CONTENT.

"A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY."

JUST a word of thanks to the "Thought for To-day" chooser. This is the first thing I look for on getting my Daily Mirror, and more than often I find the influence of the thought very helpful.

I think some of them are just splendid, and I could not help wishing to show my appreciation. I sometimes wish more than one would appear each day. MUCH INTERESTED.

ACTRESS OR PARLOURMAID?

I SEE in your valuable paper that an actress has had occasion to take a position of a domestic nature. She has become a parlourmaid.

Naturally one's own business or profession is always interesting to one, but I could not help

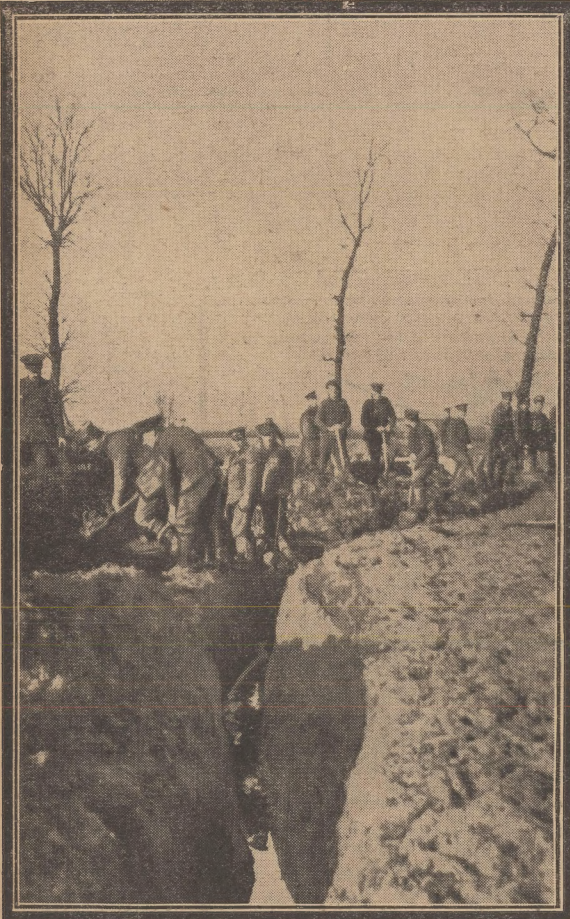
hotel manager, who thereby increases his importance and patronage in shepherding here a stream of young fellows from his native land.

J. LANDREAR LUCAS (Spectacle Makers' Company). Glendora, Hindhead, Surrey.

SIN AND DEATH.

See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance To waste and havoc tender World, which I So fair and good created, and had still. Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man Let in these wasteful furies, who impute Folly to me, (so doth the Prince of Hell And his adherents) that with so much ease I suffer them to enter and possess A place so heavenly, and, conniving, seem To gratify my scornful enemies. That laugh, as if transported with some fit Of passion, I to them had quitted all. At random yielded up to their misuse. And know not that I called and drew them thither, My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draft and filth Which Man's polluting sin with taint had shed On what was pure. Mirror.

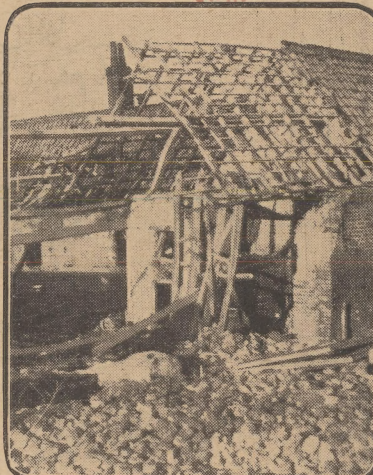
TERRITORIALS AT THE FRONT: INTERESTING WAR PICTURES.



The Territorials have fully justified their existence during this war, and were among the men who gained the glorious victory at La Bassée. The picture, taken at the front, shows Territorial engineers building a redoubt.



A shelter for horses at the front. The British cavalryman would much rather suffer himself than allow his faithful steed to do so.



A house which was destroyed by a German high explosive shell. These shells have created the greatest havoc.



It looks a big load for two dogs, but they pull easily. The cart belongs to peasants who are refugees.

YOUNGEST "NON-COM."



Edouard Martel, aged thirteen, who holds the rank of sergeant in the French Army. He claims to be the youngest "non-com." among the Allies.

THE MEN WHO ARE NEVER DEPRESSED.



British prisoners under an armed guard at Doberitz, Germany. "Tommy," it will be seen, is happy and smiling as usual, though some accounts say that our men are none too well treated by their captors.

RANGE IN A CRYPT.



The Lord Mayor (Sir Charles Johnston) opening a new rifle range in the crypt of St. Katherine's (City). He fired the first shot, with which he made a "bull's-eye."

KEEPING A CASTLE IN ORDER AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

P. 12662 WHOLE PAGE P. 12662



Queen Charlotte tells royal Uncle Frederick all her sorrow about the death of her baby.



"Louis, Louis, I'm frightened; no, not now, please, please." Louis embraces Charlotte, a dramatic moment in Act 2.



own, ordered by Queen Charlotte, was thought improper.



So was this one. Her royal mother-in-law objected.



King Richard (Mr. Arthur Wontner) discovers he can't live without his Queen Charlotte.



His Imperial Majesty Frederick IV. (Sir George Alexander) goes in for a little manicure.

and Queens," Mr. Rudolf Besier's new play, was produced by Sir George Alexander at St. James's Theatre on Saturday night. It is an effective, if not very original, play, characters, however, who matter are kings and queens. Miss Marie Lohr plays Queen Charlotte, whose life is made wretched by her mother-in-law, Queen Eliza-

beth. She nearly runs away from her supine husband with Prince Louis (Mr. Ben Webster), but she doesn't. Sir George Alexander plays the part of an elderly, friendly and worldly-royal uncle, and he wears a moustache that quite startled the audience on Saturday night.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



By Appointment.

Man,
it's Nestlé's!

'THE RICHEST IN CREAM'

"THE TIMES," 4th JAN., 1915:

CHIEF NEEDS OF BRITISH TROOPS AT THE FRONT.

The Military Forwarding Officer at the Overseas Base writes from France:—"The troops generally are wanting more pipes, tobacco and condensed milk. They are getting a lot of cigarettes and warm clothing, but these other things I mention are not coming out in any quantities, and if anything could be done in this direction it would be very much appreciated at the Front."

So if you want to save our Soldiers
from 'Milkless Tea' send them some tins of

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FUR CUIRASSE reduced 7/6
from 10/- to 7/6



From this day, in pursuance of our general policy at Sale time, we shall reduce the price of the New Fur Cuirasse from 10/- to 7/6 while the remaining stock lasts.

The New Fur Cuirasse is a single piece garment (worn under the Tunic), with shaped opening in centre; it is drawn over the head and fastens under the arms. The shoulders, chest, stomach and back are covered and all the vital abdominal organs protected from chills by the warm Fur, which is impervious to wind.

In the cold and water-saturated trenches the chief consideration is sound bodily health, and it is generally acknowledged that there are many more casualties from chills than from snuffles.

The Fur Cuirasse is made of the dense close Natural Fur of the Australian Rock Rabbit, Brown Natural Kid skins, or Natural Marmot Skins. A. A. tailored garment, for one side, lined stout cloth. Can be worn either cloth or fur side outwards.

We return the money if goods not approved.

Sale Bargains in SILKS.

32 pieces of Double Width New French Crepe Ninon, in plain colours—Navy, Lime, Grey, Purple, Black, Orange, Turquoise, Halo, Rose, Shell Pink, Biscuit, &c. The exceedingly fine texture and the very beautiful new French colourings, make this lot of especial interest. Usual price 20 per yard. Now on show in 1/4d Window. To be Sold at 1/4d

8 pieces of Plain Black Soft Duchesse Mousseline Satin, 40 inches wide, pure silk of thick mellow texture. The brilliant richness of this well-known make, and its extraordinary durability in wear, should make a strong appeal to the woman versed 2/11d in silk lore. Ordinary price 4/11d. To be Sold at 2/11d

The originality and creative daring of the French artist finds full scope and expression in the silk manufacturing centres. For example one lot of silks we are clearing this week. In addition to extreme beauty of the designs, there are some wonderfully rich and unexpected colour schemes and combinations to delight the eye and to leave the purse considerably heavier than it would be in ordinary times. They comprise Fancy Crepe Ninons and Fancy Chiffon Taffetas, of such variety that to enumerate them is impossible. Paris price 18/6 to 21/6. Our Clearing Price 4/11d

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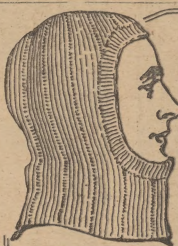
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JUST LIKE OTHER MEN BEGINS TODAY

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

AT FIRST SIGHT.

LIONEL CRAVEN stretched his long limbs in the deck chair on which he was reclining. His hands were clasped behind his head and his eyes were fixed indolently on the patch of blue sky where an hour before Table Mountain had sunk finally below the horizon.

But for a deeper flush on the bronze of his clean-cut features, one would have thought he was profoundly indifferent to the discovery which the excitable little man who stood over him claimed to have made.

"You've found out what?" he asked carelessly in reply.

"What a fellow you are!" cried Derek Trench. He seized an empty chair and dragged it to the side of his companion. There could hardly have been a greater contrast between two men. Craven was tall and straight, with a good head set on a pair of broad shoulders. His eyes were wide and fearless, and if his face was a little grim in repose it was pleasant to look at when he smiled.

Derek Trench, on the other hand, was a dapper little man with a face quaintly humorous, like a comedian.

"I've found out her name and all about her," he went on mysteriously.

"Who?"

"Lionel, my boy, you're the very worst attempt at simulation I ever met. You know quite well I mean the dear Lady Disdain who joined the ship at Durban, and who sits opposite you at table and never vouchsafes you so much as a look from her charming eyes."

Craven drew his pipe from his pocket and loaded it with unusual deliberation.

"I think it's like your confounded impertinence to make inquiries," was all he said.

"Impertinence be bothered! It's a kindly interest in my fellow-creatures. And didn't you say yourself you'd give anything to know who she is?"

"There's a difference in wondering and in going up and down the ship asking about her. I suppose you didn't open her trunks?"

"There was no necessity; the Macdonald man knew all about her. But, of course, as you don't want to know, it doesn't matter."

"Go on; fire away," said Lionel with a laugh. "I know you're dying to tell me."

"Poor martyr; I wouldn't dream of boring you. Suppose we talk of cotton-growing?"

Lionel's face hardened for a moment. He was not the man to wear his heart on his sleeve. Not even to Derek Trench did he feel able to discuss his emotions, but he felt that his friend ought to know him well enough to realize that this was not a subject for unlimited banter.

"What is her name?" he blurted out impatiently.

"Quite sufficiently romantic," Trench said. "It is Jean Delaval."

"Craven?"

"Not a bit of it. Scotch to the backbone. The Macdonald had all pat-pedigree, history, and all the whole caboodle. She is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud, with kilted ancestors stretching back into the dim mists of antiquity."

"And what was she doing in Africa?"

"Governess to the Hepstein kids. You know Hepstein, the big wool merchant?"

"Has she finished? Is she going home—for good, I mean?"

"I believe so. Her father's ill and wants her. That's all I could find out about her, except that she's twenty-four and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who will be a millionaire when he's forty."

"I'm not surprised," said Lionel. "She's not the sort to marry for money, if I'm any judge. And young Hepstein—well, I've met him."

He spoke with such unusual heat that Derek looked at him. "I say," he remarked, "you seem interested."

Craven puffed at his pipe for a minute without speaking.

"I am," he said at last.

"Very?"

There was a curiously grim set of the lips, and a glimmer in the grey eyes as he turned to his friend.

"It's like this, Derek," he said slowly. "I've fallen in love with that girl . . . no, not foolishly in love, wholeheartedly in love. The more I see of her, the more I want her. I have often heard of love at first sight—well, it's happened to me, that's all. I feel," he added quietly, "if I don't marry Miss Delaval I shall marry no one."

Trench gave a long, low whistle, and gazed at his companion with undisguised amazement.

"I'd no idea," he began, and stopped again. His round face looked comically pathetic, and he rubbed his head as if he had been pummed by a thunderbolt. "But, I say," he went on, "that about your cotton party, what's that?"

"What difference will that make?" asked Lionel sharply.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

"Well, if she's in England, you know, that's where you'll want to be."

"If she accepts me she'll be willing to return to Africa, and if she refuses me—well, it will be cotton growing to the end of my life. Look out; she's coming this way."

SLOW PROGRESS.

MISS DELAVAL passed the two men. Their chairs were placed with their backs against the deck-house, while she walked slowly along by the rail. When she reached the corner of the deck she stopped, and, steadying herself against the gentle roll of the vessel, with one hand resting lightly on a davit, gazed ahead north and eastward, with her eyes on the horizon.

From where he sat Lionel saw her in profile, and devoured the sweetness of the picture. He was struck by the beautiful poise of the head and the wistful eagerness expressed by the arched brows and the sensitive point of the lips.

Her brown hair was blown about her face in spite of the white motor veil which fluttered behind her in the soft breeze. She was dressed plainly and simply in a neat costume of brown holland with long rings of jewelry of any sort.

Lionel was nearly caught by the suddenness with which she turned round and retraced her steps in their direction, and he busied himself with a desperate examination of his pipe.

Derek Trench, however, proved a friend in need. Whatever fears he might have had for the effect of the unexpected romance on his cotton-growing schemes, they did not prevent him from breaking the ice with a friendly remark.

He had already spoken to Miss Delaval—Derek spoke to everyone—and, as she repassed them, he rose quickly and intercepted her. "Won't you come and join us?" he asked. "This man is bullying me unmercifully, and if someone doesn't protect me, he'll throw me overboard."

There was something about Trench which robbed his remarks of all despatch, and the girl laughed frankly and musically. Lionel had risen awkwardly to his feet, and she looked up at him with amused interest.

"Perhaps you have deserved it," she said to Derek. "What have you done?"

"Let me get another chair and I'll tell you all about it."

"One word and over you go," said Lionel. He knew Derek's possibilities, and was horror-stricken with the fear of what he might say.

"The little man had run off for another chair and Lionel found himself suddenly bereft of speech. "Won't you sit down?" he asked awkwardly, after a pause.

"For a few minutes then," she replied. "What is the quarrel with your friend?" She sank into the chair, and pointed to the one he had just vacated, with a mute command for him to sit.

"Oh, you mustn't take any notice," Lionel replied. "It's only his fun."

"Fun be bothered," interrupted Trench, continuing with the chair dragging at his heels. "It's a serious matter. Just because I have been trying to find out all about you from the other passengers, he says it is like my confounded impertinence."

He had some vague idea that Miss Delaval would get up indignantly and walk away; and he was a little surprised at the brimming humor of the brown eyes.

"Well, it was, wasn't it?" she said. "And what did you find out?"

"Just your name and your age—nothing to satisfy a man hungry with curiosity."

"I suppose you're a success story," said Derek. "This is Mr. Lionel Craven, you are Mr. Derek Trench, and you are going into partnership in a cotton plantation on the other side of the world."

Yielding to the experience, and Mr. Craven—who has been trading as far as the great lakes—is going to find the capital. I could tell you ever so much more if you like. I just wanted to let you see what a school for scandal."

Craven threw back his head and laughed. "There's nothing wonderful about that," he said. "You don't know Trench. He'd tell a man full of Kafirs if there was no one else about."

The talk went on flippantly, most of it coming from Derek Trench, and passing passengers seemed to see the girl, ordinarily reserved girl laughing gaily. Craven said but little—quite content to watch her as she talked to his friend.

When, from time to time, she met his glance with that frank friendliness he admired so much there was just the suspicion of a frown, as if she were trying to fathom the depth of the strong, reticent man who spoke so little.

Presently Trench rose and left them, with some trivial apology, and an awkward silence settled down on them for a minute.

"Craven was not a ladies' man. He shot a nervous glance at the girl beside him. She was sitting very still looking out over the sea."

If he had known it, Jean Delaval, too, was wondering what to say, and wondering why it should rest her to be sitting there with a strange man without wishing to speak.

The absurdity of the remark struck her sharply after a time, and she turned to him with an effort.

"Looking at this glorious sky," she said, "isn't it strange to think that in three short weeks we shall be groping about in a London fog and shivering one's feet for warmth?"

"You're sorry to get back?"

"No; I love London. There have been times when I would give anything I possess to see one of the dear old grey skies."

"Shall we walk?" she said, turning to her companion. Lionel rose and held out his hand to help her up. The touch of her grasp thrilled through him. Perhaps the girl felt something of the magnetism, for she looked into his eyes with the old puzzled frown: "I think I'll go below," she said. "It will be lunch in ten minutes." And they walked away together.

"I LOVE YOU—"

IT would almost seem as if Lionel Craven's short-lived happiness was quickly quenched by the girl's renewed inaccessibility. But that afternoon she joined the two friends again and made Craven talk about his trekking experiences.

This time he talked well and fluently. She asked him so many questions and seemed so deeply interested in everything he had to tell her that he was led away by his subject.

It was modestly told; he was not the man to crave for the limelight. Yet he could have kicked himself afterwards for being so egotistic, especially when, the next day, she showed no signs of any further desire for his company.

"I bored her to death, that's what it is," he said bitterly to Derek.

There were short conversations, of course. If an ocean liner is a model institution for the making of friends, it is an impossible place in which to escape those one wishes to avoid; and

insult. She would have told him that something he had said had seemed to bring him into the circle of those who laid claim to her.

It was the crux of her anger that, while giving her nothing she could seize on, he had made his claim on her so clear.

She had met but few men in her life, and fewer whom she respected. Yet the fortress of her will, which she had thought so unassailable, had been suddenly undermined, and a stranger thrown down at her feet by the chance encounter of a passenger list.

She knew by a swift intuition that if Lionel Craven commanded to ignore would be nothing to do but obey. The thought angered her beyond measure, yet, even in her anger, there was a thrill of wonder and of eager curiosity. She hated him because she thought he must know his power, and would not be slow to use it; but she wanted to meet his eyes again and hear the sound of his voice.

The chance did not come till later, and then, like most chances, it came suddenly and when it was least expected. They were just reaching "the islands."

It was the first land that had been sighted for nearly a fortnight, and the passengers were piled up two deep along the shoreward rail. Lionel Craven had been among them, idly talking to his friend, when he looked behind him and encountered the steady gaze of Jean Delaval.

She was alone on the other side of the deck, sitting with feet crossed on an iron stanchion. The light from the open door of a smokers room threw her white dress into relief against the sombre darkness of the sky and the shadows in her eyes that were fixed so intently on him. Something in their magnetism drew him irresistibly over to her. "Don't you want to see the island?" he asked.

She shook her head with a faint "No."

"Well, anyway, let's find a more comfortable seat," he said. She slipped her hand lightly through his arm and suffered him to lead her away. His heart thumped wildly when he suggested two chairs in the shade of a lifeboat, and she made no demur.

"I have been wanting to speak to you," she began. She spoke coldly and indifferently, and it was too dark to see her face.

"You manage to conceal your wishes very admirably." There was a shade of bitterness in his reply, but she took no notice of it.

"I suppose I have been trained to hide my feelings. I wanted to apologise to you."

There was a pause for a moment. Jean tried to fathom the expression on his face.

"I don't want an apology," he said presently; "but I do think I would like some explanation."

"A woman can't explain her moods."

"But you must have meant something when you said you thought I was different from other men, and you found I was the same."

The girl kept her head bent low so that he had to lean forward to catch her words. "It was when you said my friendship made such a difference to you," she began.

"Well?"

"That is what they all say—or worse. Can't you see, she continued, "what a light thing it makes of a woman?"

"You mean that men make love to you without meaning it?"

"Yes. Oh, I know that many women desire it and ask for it, but I hate it. It makes me despise myself. It makes me wonder what I have done to make them think of me so."

She stopped again, the man at her side was listening very gravely.

"If what you say is right," he said slowly, "I am certainly different from other men. I have never made love to you, Miss Delaval, and I love you."

"No, no," she cried tremulously. "It's impossible. You hardly know me."

"I know you well enough to know that if you will not be my wife I never want to look on a woman's face again." He took possession of her hand; it was as cold as ice. "Miss Delaval," he pleaded, "Jean, you'll let me have some little hope, won't you?"

"Please!" she entreated piteously, trying to withdraw the hand he clasped so firmly. She felt her will slipping away. The sound of the engine bells and the humming of the funnels of the great vessel drew alongside her moorings sounded far away as in a dream. Then, with a little cry of surrender, she laid her head against his shoulder, and he drew her more closely to him.

Derek Trench passed behind them and saw them in the shadow. Lionel, who shared his cabin, was late in turning in; but Derek was awake and strong, and his hand from his hip. "I needn't ask," he said.

Lionel Craven drew a deep breath. "She has promised to marry me," he said quietly.

THE PLOTTERS.

THE few remaining days had seemed to fly past on wings. With all the selfishness of a man who has just found a great love, Lionel would have turned his back on his old friend and left him without compunction to his own resources. But Jean Delaval would have none of it.

Lionel had chafed more than a little over the restrictions thus placed on him. There were the thousand and one intimate things he wanted to say. He wanted to know all about her, and wanted to talk of her to her mother romantically, as all lovers do, to find out the exact moment when she first began to care.

There were few enough opportunities as it was, and as the vessel got nearer home a kind

(Continued on page 13.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mrs. Kendal.

was a brilliant audience for "Kings and Queens." When Mrs. Kendal arrived she had almost as much applause as anybody on the stage.

Two Witty Women.

Of course, Mrs. Kendal—as always, she was accompanied by Mr. Kendal—beamed on the audience. She looked so perfectly charming in her own intensely English gentle way that no one would ever suspect her of saying caustic things. Yet no one can be more caustic than Mrs. Kendal when she likes. At the other end of that row of stalls sat Mrs. Asquith, who also has a reputation for saying sharp-edged things in a cutting manner.

Legal Luminaries.

Mrs. Asquith, who must have met quite a number of "Kings and Queens" in her time, watched the "royalties" in the play with great interest. So did Sir Charles Mathews, who sat close to her. Not far away from the Public Prosecutor sat Mr. Marshall Hall, who has so often opposed Sir Charles in legal duels. He was quite the most picturesque figure in the theatre.

Miss Gladys Cooper Congratulated.

Another member of the audience at this "royal" play who had a royal reception was Miss Gladys Cooper. The pit and gallery rose when she entered and cheered with an enthusiasm that was a sympathetic echo of a certain recent libel case. As Miss Cooper had difficulty in finding her seat the applause lasted long. Quite a lot of the profession were there, Miss Margaret Halstan, Dawson Milward, Edmund Gwennie and others.

A Royal Mother-in-law.

What of the play? Well, "Kings and Queens" is not a typical example of Mr. Rudolf Besier's work, but it is interesting. Its theme is the well-worn subject of a sprightly young wife being dominated by an aggressive mother-in-law. There is also a love intrigue, but we know from the first that no harm will come of it. Mr. Besier gives a certain novel touch to things by making all his characters kings and queens and princes.

Players as Royalties.

Miss Marie Lohr plays the young queen-wife very prettily. She orders some dresses which are supposed to be improper, but are really charming. As the mamma-in-law queen Miss Frances Ivor is quite stupendous—that is the only word. Sir George Alexander plays a cheery sort of King-uncle very paternally. He wears a tremendous moustache that at first made half the women in the audience gasp quite painfully.

Comedy of Jealousy.

A really delicious story of the jealousy of a German frau whose husband is serving at the front is recorded in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The soldier received as his share of the comforts sent to the front by a patriotic organisation a knitted woollen cap and scarf. The maker of the articles—the daughter of a Naumburg family—enclosed on a card pinned to the scarf her address, and the request—that the unknown receiver would write and tell her if the things were satisfactory. After a few days the young lady received the following unexpected letter from the soldier's wife:—

A Hurfy Lotter.

"I have just received, in a letter from my husband, the card you sent him. I am glad you think of our brave men at the front, but I'd like you to know that it would be better if you'd send your gifts to bachelors and leave respectable married men alone. Infantryman Franz M. is married and the father of two children. I'm quite able to provide for him myself and to see that he is comfortable. So, please, don't trouble him any more; he gets enough from me."

Wasted Anger.

The letter, however, awoke not anger but laughter in the Naumburg family. For the lady on whom the jealous frau had vented her jealous wrath was a little girl aged exactly eleven.

Gold Campaign in Pulpit.

What a hunt the Germans are having for gold! Proclamations, newspaper articles and advertisements have been issued by the score to persuade people to change their gold coins into paper. Now I see it suggested in the *Berliner Tageblatt* that country parsons in rural districts where newspapers do not circulate freely and proclamations are but dimly understood should preach from the pulpit Germany's need for gold. "After all," says the writer, "the cause is a sacred one—the success of the fatherland—and is therefore not unworthy of the pulpit."

Our New Serial To-day.

You will have had the opportunity to-day of reading for yourself the opening chapters of our new serial, "Just Like Other Men." You will admit, I think, that it at once plunges the chief characters into a most dramatic situation, a situation which, I can promise you, Mr. Alexander Crawford makes the very most of.

Skilfully Developed Plot.

Mr. Crawford has conceived a most ingenious plot, and one which he tells me has given him the very keenest pleasure to develop. I do not know of any serial writer who can weave such interesting situations and developments with such fascinating skill as Mr. Crawford, and the further you get into "Just Like Other Men," the more enthralled you will get. If you haven't read the first instalment by this time, do so at once.

Our Football Campaign.

It is just as well that we did call up our football reserves last week, for the violent attack from Mr. Atkins has not abated during the week-end.



"I'm wanted at the Front," a type of recruit badly wanted by the Army.

"Tommy" who has asked for a ball. And yesterday's reinforcements were really stronger than they appear, for many of my generous readers provided, instead of footballs, the sinews of war in the shape of money. So "Tommy" hasn't really got the better of us yet.

Those Who Helped.

Among yesterday's contributors was Mr. Percy Bradshaw, of the Press Art School. He sent me a one pound note to buy footballs, and sent me this amusing sketch above, done by one of his pupils. The theatrical profession, too, was again to the fore. Scotch Kelly, the comedian, sent me five footballs, and the Redheads money to buy a couple. Scotch Kelly, by the way, was a Glasgow newsboy not so long ago. Now he is one of Scotland's favourite comedians, and one who is well known to London audiences, too.

1,200 Wanted by the End of the Week.

With these fierce attacks from "Tommy" becoming a regular thing, we shall have to make a great effort if we are to prevent "giving ground." So I propose we raise the total to 1,200 by the end of the week. Once more let me remind you that every football provides between thirty and forty—sometimes more—"Tommies" with amusement in their few hours of leisure. Now, who will be "Tommy's" friend?

A Quick Trip to the Front.

In these days when airmen are performing wonders daily many a feat which would rank as a notable record in peace time passes unnoticed. An officer in the Flying Corps came home recently for three or four days' leave, and he returned by the "air route" in a new and very fast type of aeroplane. With a strong wind behind him he actually flew from a certain spot in Hampshire to the front in under two hours! One begins to wonder whether our airmen in Flanders will get into the habit of slipping home for lunch or tea occasionally.

"Sick Men—Fall Out."

The humorist of a Kitchener battalion now training near Guildford doesn't spare comrades in misfortune. Six men paraded the other morning as being sick, and were told off to light duties for the day. In the evening, however, they were found by an officer in the bar of the local Rising Sun, and for thus breaking bounds were sentenced to three days' C. C. (confined to camp). On the next route march a day or two later the battalion passed the Rising Sun, and then the humorist sent them into roars of laughter with the command, given in an officer's tone, "Sick men—fall out."

Afraid He Might Spill It.

This is one of the stories they are telling in Paris. The Zouaves leaped out of their trenches and made for the Germans at the point of the bayonet. But they were met by a hail of projectiles, and the officer in command of the storming party shouted: "Down men! Flat on your stomachs!" Everybody obeyed except one man in the rear, and, despite repeated injunctions to get down on his "tummy," he remained upright. "I can't," he said, with an appealing look to his officer. "I've got a bottle of wine here"—and he tapped on the side of his baggy trousers—"and there's no cork in it!"

The Zouaves' Parrot.

Here is another. It was in a ruined village near Ypres (Wypers, as the "Tommies" call it). A sharp, squeaky voice kept repeating, "Bonjour, petit; bonjour, petit!" The search party of Zouaves eventually discovered that it came from an abandoned parrot, the only survivor of the bombardment. They took it back with them to their quarters and taught it to say: "A bas les Allemands!" and other rude things about the Germans.

Poor Polly.

One day the Zouaves were attacked in the trenches by overwhelming numbers, and after a desperate engagement were obliged to retire. In the mêlée the parrot disappeared, and was taken prisoner. But if he ever delivers himself of the vocabulary taught him the Germans will wring his neck.

Mr. Dion Calthrop.

I see that Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, who has paid such a fine tribute to the way in which Mr. Lionel Mackinder gave his life for his country, is also "doing his bit" in the R.N.V.R. I wonder how Mr. Calthrop likes the change from the life of a successful author and playwright? It should suit him—at any rate, from the physical point of view. In strength and build he is powerful enough to be a wrestler.



Mr. Dion Calthrop.

Man Who Lived in Cabs.

He certainly showed his powers of endurance when producing his two plays, "A la Carte" and "The Harlequinade," in London in 1913. In those days, according to his own statements, he literally lived in cabs—cabs which travelled continually between the St. James's and the Palace Theatres. "I eat all my meals in a cab," he said. "I confine myself to ham sandwiches, and since the cab existence began I have learned more of the life and times of cold ham than ever I knew before."

"We Have Made Some Progress."

Those to whom this official formula may at times prove slightly irritating will be glad to know that it is something more than a formula. Between the beginning of September and December 8 the Allies reconquered over 13,640 square miles of French territory.

"The Home and Colonials."

"I was passing through Blackheath one morning last week when about 400 of the Honourable Artillery came along," writes a correspondent. "Two ladies stood beside me on the kerb watching the men. One lady remarked to the other, 'What a lot of men the Home and Colonial have mustered.' 'How do you know?' said the friend. 'Can't you see the "H.A.C." on their shoulders?' was the reply." The oldest corps will be pleased.

THE RAMBLER.

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OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL

'JUST LIKE OTHER MEN'

STARTS TO-DAY.

See page 11.

EVEN GERMAN DOCTORS COMMIT CRIMES: MEN WHO WERE "CAUGHT IN THE ACT."



This officer has a very unprepossessing appearance.



Three army doctors. It is a sad commentary on Germany's much lauded medical profession.



A youth who is without doubt a degenerate.



This soldier is obviously a very low type of man.



Red Cross worker with the face of a gaolbird.



Officer bearing a strong resemblance to Dr. Crippen.

These are German soldiers and officers who were caught in the act of pillaging and committing crimes of which it is not possible to write. They have been court-martialled

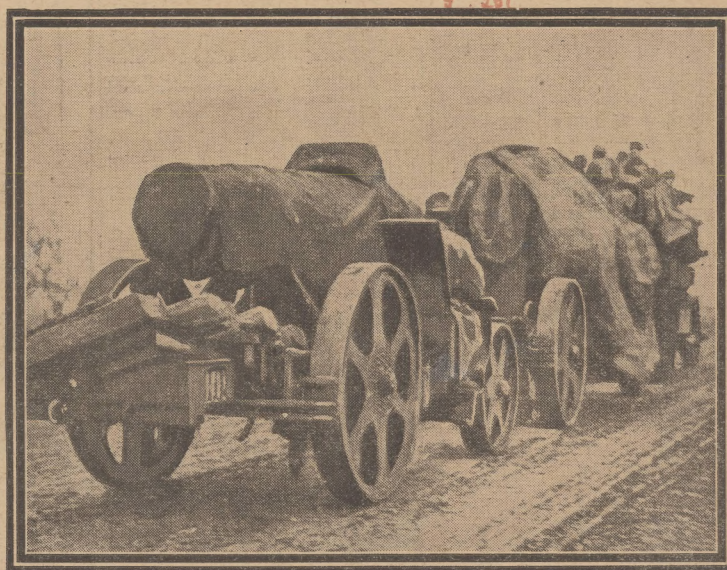
and transported, but the actual sentences passed upon them have not yet been made public. But they are only a tiny fraction of the men who have behaved like beasts.

SHELL TEARS HOLE IN STREET.



Enormous hole made in a street by a German shell. It opened up a large underground vault.

GUNS WHICH CANNOT STOP THE RUSSIANS.



Austria has many big guns but they cannot save her from defeat. These great weapons are on the way to the front for use against the Russians.

TURN TO PAGE 11 FOR OPENING CHAPTERS OF "JUST LIKE OTHER MEN," OUR NEW SERIAL